

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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CHAPTER FOUR—Continued.

Jim aimed a blow at John's head, which was parried. John swung to the chin, and the next instant Jim clonched and both fell eight feet into the water.

The pool was deep, and it seemed to Jim as if they never would come to the surface. When he did, and had gasped for breath, a pair of strong bars gripped his neck and he went down again. The water sang in his ears, the world grew black around him. Then it suddenly became light. The cool and splendid air filled his nostrils, and a voice sounded in his ears:

"Say 'enough,' or down you go again!"

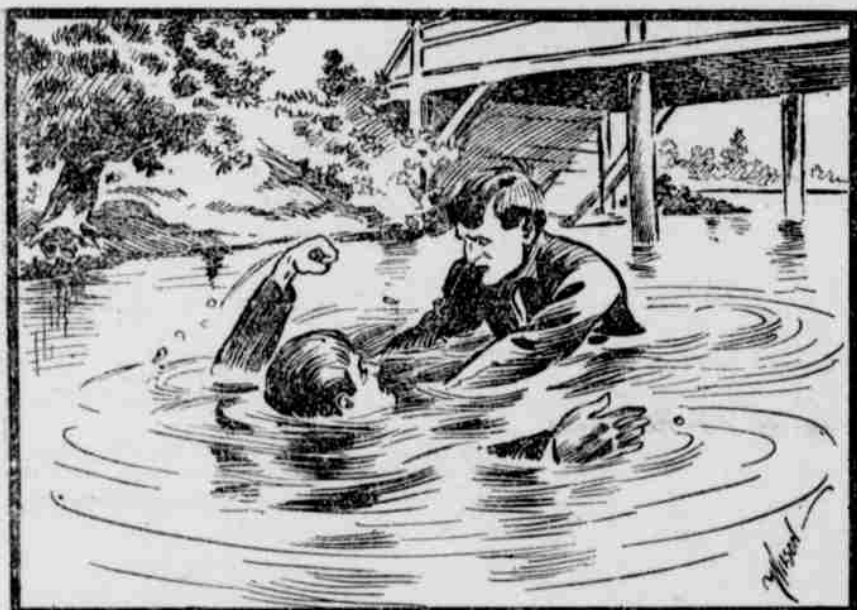
"Enough! Be-enough! I'll quit," spluttered Jim Blake, throwing his arms about wildly.

With one hand firmly gripping Jim Blake's collar John Burt swam ashore with the other. It was ten minutes before Blake recovered his breath, then they shook hands with the gravity of trained pugilists.

A week later John met Jim and was told of a flogging he had received from his father, who was notorious as the village drunkard.

Thereupon developed in John Burt and James Blake that strong friendship so frequent between boys of contrasting natures. They seemed to have only two traits in common—both were frank and both generous.

When Jim Blake was seventeen years old, he decided to run away from home. The two boys talked it over many times. To the scanty board in Jim's possession John Burt added thirty-five dollars—all the money he had saved from sums given him at various times by Peter Burt. So, with forty odd dollars in his pocket, and with tears in his handsome eyes, Jim Blake shook hands with John Burt and went out into the world to seek his fortune.



"SAY 'ENOUGH,' OR DOWN YOU GO AGAIN!"

Little did these two boys think, as they parted that October afternoon, that their acts and passions and lives would one day be woven by fate into a web of marvelous workmanship.

CHAPTER FIVE.

The Runaway.

Three years elapsed before Jessie Carden returned to the Bishop farm. John Burt was now twenty years old, and had successfully passed the examination which admitted him to Harvard. General Carden came with Jessie, delighted with the prospect of a week's rest in the old house.

General Carden was an enthusiastic horseman. Jessie was still unpacking her trunks when her father sent word that the carriage was ready, and that she was to drive with him. A few minutes later they were speeding down the old beach road. They drove for miles along the winding, shaded roads. The breeze came cool and salt from the ocean, and the air was fragrant with the breath of summer.

A bit of the harness had become unbuckled. Handing the reins to Jessie, General Carden stepped to the ground to adjust it. His feet had hardly touched the ground when a growling hunter, a few rods away, discharged a gun. The report was terrifying, and the affrighted horses leaped ahead. Jessie was thrown violently backward, the lines slipping from her hands. General Carden sprang for the horses' heads—an instant too late. He caught one glimpse of his daughter's white face as she swept past him. The agony of years was compressed into the succeeding moments.

The frenzied team dashed down the steep grade at appalling speed. At the base of the hill, and almost in front of the Burt farmhouse, was a sharp curve. Then the road skirted the cliffs for a quarter of a mile. Beyond lay a crooked hill, lined with ragged rocks—the most dangerous slope for miles around.

Through the cloud of dust the old scudger saw the team as it passed the old house. A few rods beyond, a man lightly vaulted a fence and darted towards the road. General Carden's eyes were blurred, but he saw a flash of blue and white, as if something had been hurled in front of the maddened team. It clung to the head of the off horse, and was tossed back and forth by the frantic animal. For an instant the figure seemed beneath

the hammering hoofs. Could any human being hold fast in such a position?

At the turn in the road the general distinctly saw a man clinging to the horses' bits, bruised by the swaying pole—a pigmy who dared check the flight of giants. They swerved sharply at the curve. The off horse stumbled, lurched sideways and fell. There was a crash; the sickening sound of splintered wood and clinking steel; then a silence, as the dust lifted and revealed the jagged outlines of a mass of wreckage.

As General Carden neared the fateful spot he saw an old man run from the Burt yard and plunge into the wreck. A moment later he saw something in the rescuer's hands. A crumpled blue hat above dark curls showed plain in contrast to the white hair of the aged giant, who handled the little figure as if it were a feather, laid it gently by the side of the road, and again darted into the twisted mass.

General Carden breathed a silent prayer. He was a few rods away when Jessie moved slowly, lifted her head and sprang to her feet.

"I'm not hurt, papa!" she exclaimed bravely. "I am not hurt a bit. Oh, what has happened?"

"Thank God! Thank God!" He caught Jessie in his arms, gazed fondly into her eyes, and tenderly embraced her.

General Carden turned to the aid of Peter Burt. Tangled in the harness, a horse was plunging and struggling in an attempt to regain his feet. The other horse was dead, and beneath his shoulder was pinioned the leg of a young man. Blood was trickling down his face, and he lay in the dust of the road, limp and deathlike. His right hand still grasped the bit; his head was near the hoofs of the frantic animal.

"Hold that horse's head down!" or—

each succeeding day until word came from Dr. Randall that the young man was able to sit up and might receive visitors. They drove to the farmhouse and were ushered into the library—John's study-room for seven years.

General Carden advanced and grasped John's hand. "My boy, God bless you! I do not know how to thank you. Jessie, have you nothing to say to the young man who saved your life?"

"I never thought," said Jessie, placing her hands in his, "that the boy who taught me how to catch crabs would one day save my life. But you know I always told Miss Maiden that you weren't raffish, and you see I was right!"

John looked handsome as he lay back in the great arm-chair. "I'm glad I had a chance to be of service to one I had met before," he said, as Jessie took a seat beside him; "though I confess I should not recognize you as the little girl who visited here several years ago. You are a young lady now, and I should hardly dare address you as Jessie, and that's the only name I knew you by in those days."

"I am not yet sixteen, and you can call me Jessie until I tell you not to. Can't he, papa?"

"I suppose so," said General Carden. "She is a spoiled child, Mr. Burt," turning to the old gentleman, "and I have ceased making rules, lest she should break them."

During the hour which followed, Jessie and John talked of a score of topics, John deftly turning the conversation from the runaway accident.

How dainty, yet how healthy, Jessie looked! The July sun had begun its etching of tan. The slender neck, where the brown tresses protected it, was dazzling, shading away to cheek and brow in blendings of cream, pink and tan, which defied touch of brush or skill of words. The arched eyebrows and the dark silken lashes framed eyes which glowed with the smouldering fires of dawning womanhood. The mouth was not too small, and the lips were ruddy as ripe cherries.

And this was the being he had saved from mutilation against the cruel rocks! As he looked at her, heard the rippling music of her voice and felt the subtle inspiration of her presence, the thought came that there was something selfish in his joy and pride.

What was it? Is love selfish?

CHAPTER SIX.

Summer Days.

John Burt sprang into his saddle with an ease that showed complete recovery from the runaway accident, and cantered to Jessie Carden's side. They waved their hands gaily to Mrs. Bishop, and galloped away under the arching maples that formed an avenue before the old mansion. It was John's fourth visit since Jessie's arrival, and his suggestion of a ride to Hull had been smilingly accepted.

An hour later they stood on the heights above Point Allerton. Below, the wide crescent of Nantasket Beach swung to the south and east; within it "crawled" the wrinkled sea. Every foot of ground was hallowed by history and legend. From that point their ancestors watched the Chesapeake as she sailed proudly out to fight the Shannon; there they had wept when they learned that the brave Lawrence had gone to his death shouting encouragement to his crew. Thence Captain John Smith first sighted the harbor. The red warriors of King Philip camped where they stood. A short distance away the Mary and John had anchored with her freight of pioneers. A mile to the north stood Boston Light, and they pictured Lord Howe's fleet sailing past it, swelling disdainfully out to sea.

(To be continued.)

GAVE UP HER MEAL TICKET.

Comical Mistake Made by Woman in New York Theater.

At a recent matinee in a New York theater a middle-aged woman bought a single ticket for the gallery, and mounted the stairs to the upper part of the house, says the New York Times. She handed to the ticket taker at the gallery entrance a check of the size and shape of the gallery tickets, which gave no coupons attached. He dropped it into the box, and the little woman hurried to find a good seat.

The first act had been on but a little while when the woman hurried, almost out of breath, to the ticket taker and cried:

"Let me have my ticket, please!"

"What?"

"The ticket I gave you. Let me have it again!"

"But it's in the box, locked up," replied the man, coldly.

"Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!" the little woman wailed.

"What's the matter?" asked the man, growing very slightly sympathetic.

"I gave you the wrong ticket," she said, weeping. "Here—here's yours."

And she drew from her handbag the ticket that should have been taken up.

"But what was the other one?" demanded the man in astonishment.

"It was my meal ticket," she sobbed, "and I can't eat."

The little woman would not go back to her seat until she had been assured by the man that she should have her meal ticket, which she afterward recovered.

Not a Shopper.

She—She's very mannish, isn't she? He—Yes, indeed. She can't force her way through a crowd at all.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NO APPETITE—EMACIATED—NERVOUS.

Many Women During the Spring Months Suffer From Extreme Lassitude, Loss of Appetite and Nervousness—What They Need Is

Pe-ru-na, the Great Tonic

Miss Bertha M. Rush, 5435 Kincardine street, Pittsburg, Pa., Superintendent Junior Society of Methodist Protestant Church and leading Soprano of the choir, writes: "Words cannot describe my thankfulness to you for Peruna. I was a sufferer from systemic catarrh for years and was in a very much run-down condition. I was extremely nervous and had the most foolish fears over nothing. I was thin and emaciated."

"My physician advised me to leave this climate, but as it was not convenient to do so at this time, I took the advice of a friend to use a bottle of Peruna. I took it faithfully and when the first bottle was gone I felt so much better that I bought six more and took them faithfully, after which I looked like a new woman."

"I gained in flesh, my appetite returned and all my old symptoms had disappeared. I am more than thankful to Peruna."—Miss Bertha M. Rush.

I AM TIRED.

Everybody is Tired — Spring Weather Does It—Every One Should Be Cautious.

Depression of the nervous system at the approach of spring is the cause.

General lassitude, dull, heavy sensations, continual tired feeling, with irregular appetite, and sometimes loss of sleep. Peruna meets every indication and proves itself to be perfectly adapted to all their varied peculiarities. Peruna invigorates the system, rejuvenates the feelings, restores the normal appetite and produces regular sleep.

That tired feeling which is the natural result of the depressing effect of warm weather immediately after the invigorating cold of winter, quietly disappears when Peruna is taken. Thousands are daily testifying to its priceless benefit.

Mrs. H. Kassatt, 1309 West 13th street, Des Moines, Ia., writes: "I am happy to give my endorsement for your valuable medicine, Peruna, as I consider it a valuable medicine to take when the system is run down from overwork. About two years ago I felt that I must take a long rest as I had been unable to work for over a month and could not regain my strength. I could not sleep at night and was in a very nervous, high strung, condition. I decided to try what Peruna would do to build up my strength, and am pleased to say that I began to improve very shortly, and in less than two months I was able to take up my work, and felt better than I have for years. I take it now twice a year and find that it keeps me in perfect health." Mrs. Kassatt was for over ten years the manager of a plant furnishing ladies' wear and employing hundreds of women.



MISS BERTHA M. RUSH—PITTSBURG.
Miss Rush Suffered with Systemic Catarrh—Was Nervous, Had No Appetite, Grew Thin and Emaciated. She Now Looks Like a New Woman After a Course of Pe-ru-na.

Tired, Nervous Women.

There are thousands of them everywhere. A few bottles of Peruna would do them untold benefit. As a tonic and nerve invigorator it has no equal. It builds up the nerves, it gives strength to the circulation and at once restores the appetite and digestion. No feeble woman should be without Peruna.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

OWEN IN THE WAR.

Doves Fly Away From Japanese Province on Punitive Expedition.

A Japanese newspaper solemnly publishes the following: "In Chikuzen province, Kyushu, there is a shrine known as the Hakozaki Hachimangu, dedicated to the well-known warrior, Hachimantaro Yoshitake, who flourished in the brave days of old. On the morning of the 5th when prayers for a Japanese victory over the Russians were being conducted by the priests, upward of 700 doves belonging to the shrine, dividing themselves into companies of twenty or thirty, were seen bathing in turn in the tsarai-bachi, a big jar containing water, standing in the precincts. About 7 o'clock in the evening a tremendous noise was suddenly heard over the roof of the shrine, and in a moment hundreds of doves, after hovering for a moment in the air, started in the direction of the northwest, and have not yet returned. When the morning dawned it was found that only fifty or sixty of them were left behind as a sort of reserve, all the rest having set out on what the people call a 'punitive expedition' in the direction indicated. The people of that place believe that this singular conduct of the birds is a good omen in the struggle with Russia."

Diseases of Mexico.

The prevailing diseases of Mexico are of a mild malarial type, easily avoided by following simple rules of living and avoiding unnecessary exposure to heat and rain. About thirty miles from the coast the altitude is from 600 to 800 feet above the sea, and in this region the climate is exceptionally agreeable. Here, as elsewhere one is exposed to sickness, but if the common laws of health are observed one will experience no greater amount of illness than he would in his own country and live just as long, if not longer.

Minister's Lapse of Memory.

The finish of one South Haven minister was swift and decisive when one Sunday morning he started the Lord's prayer, let his thoughts wander from his theme, stopped, stammered and retired in a flurry of stage-fright. The congregation lost confidence.

Plenty of Water.

The small boy who defined Michigan as "a large body of water surrounded by more water" came nearer to it than he thought, in the light of the past month's experience.

RUSSIA'S WAR RECORD.

The Fourth in Last Three Quarters of a Century.

The war now begun is the fourth upon which Russia has entered within the last three-quarters of a century. Her first was with Turkey. It involved an expenditure of \$20,000,000 and a loss of 120,000 men. That was in 1828. Twenty-six years later came the Crimean, in which France and England took a hand. It was spread over 1854-6, and cost \$705,000,000 and 485,000 men. Then in 1877 followed a further fight with Turkey, in which \$190,000,000 was expended and 180,000 men disposed of. Russia is said to have an available war fund of \$100,000,000.

An Irishman's Excuse.

Mr. Choate, the ambassador of the United States at London, tell a story of a sculling match that took place between an Englishman, a student at Oxford, and an Irishman, a student of Cambridge. The Briton won handsily. At no time was he in danger of defeat. Moreover, in a spirit of fun and bravado he stopped two or three times in his course and bade the Irishman in the rear to "hurry up."

After the race the Irishman came in for a good deal of chaff, in view of the overwhelming defeat he had suffered. But he merely shrugged his shoulders. "Faith," he said, "if I had the long rests that he took I could have beaten him easily."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Shot for Gen. Debility.

The Caledonian Medical Journal has just unearthed an ancient Highland Scottish remedy for general debility which is enough to rout the general and all his cohorts. It is technically known as such nan cabar—juice of deer's horns. The horns were gathered when the animals east them in the springtime, boiled for some hours and bottled. A dose was followed by a cupful of whisky and sugar. Of late years the soup is omitted.

No Criminal Intent Shown.

In the circuit court at Ann Arbor Mark Pearsall of Ypsilanti pleaded guilty to putting an obstruction on a Michigan Central railroad track. It was shown that he did it carelessly and without any criminal intent. Judge Kinne suspended sentence.

Befriends an Ingrate.

A Jackson man picked up a new acquaintance on the street, befriended him, took him to his room and awoke the next morning without watch, friend or his roll of bills.

KITE FLYING IN KOREA.

Natives Write Bad Habits on Paper—Loosen Them in Air.

Everybody knows the fondness of the adult Chinese for kite flying. The Korean, however, puts this pastime to a use altogether novel. When the time of good resolutions comes around at the new year the Korean writes on a kite all his faults, "Evil disposition, impatience, bad words, street fights," etc. "It was so dark," says one American residing in Korea, relating such an instance, "that no kite could be seen, but when he had run the string out to its full length he cut it and let it go, imagining that so he had rid himself of his enemies and could begin the new year with new courage."

Learning to Make Razors.

"The art of making razors is gradually becoming Americanized," said M. A. Mihills, of Chicago. "Up to a few years ago Americans could not make razors at all, or made such inferior grades that they were next to useless. The science has developed wonderfully in the past five years, though, and domestic goods are almost as good as imported. A razor has to be tempered to stragw color to hold its edge, and if the temper runs to blue, which is the next shade, the instrument is ruined."—Louisville Herald.

Aged Legal Document.

Mrs. Aubine Miller of Whitteville, Mo., has a deed given in March, 1797, by "Stephen Jones, Esq., Gideon O'Brien, gentlemen, and John Cooper, Esq., all of Machias, in the county of Washington, and commonwealth of Massachusetts, a committee appointed by the proprietors of the New Meeting House at the West Falls in said Machias." The document conveyed new No. 43 to Deacon Joseph Elabee. It was signed by Phineas Bruce, being justice of the peace at the time, and George Stillman, register.

May Ask for \$15,000 More.

Andrew Carnegie may be asked to increase his offer of \$20,000 to \$35,000 for a public library at Ann Arbor. The school district spends annually \$3,000 in maintaining a library and this is the 10 per cent on the larger sum which is conditional with all of Carnegie's gifts.

Washtenaw Fair Dates.

The board of managers of the Washtenaw fair has decided upon Sept. 27, 28, 29 and 30 as the dates for the county show.